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## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.  
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer :  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

BURNS.



LOCH MAREE, ROSS-SHIRE.

*Sutton Pinner.*

Quotation & Picture Series

# SCOTLAND

EDITED BY

J. B. REYNOLDS, B.A.



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J. B. R.



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## EDINBURGH

**E**DINA! Scotia's darling seat !  
All hail thy palaces and towers,  
Where once beneath a monarch's feet  
Sat Legislation's sov'reign powers !  
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,  
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,  
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,  
As busy Trade his labour plies ;  
There Architecture's noble pride  
Bids elegance and splendour rise ;  
Here Justice, from her native skies,  
High wields her balance and her rod ;  
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,  
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

There, watching high the least alarms,  
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;  
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,  
And mark'd with many a seamy scar ;  
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,  
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock ;  
Have oft withstood assailing war,  
And oft repelled the invader's shock.

*Address to Edinburgh,*  
BURNS.



*John Fullerton, R.*

EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

## HOLYROOD

THE moon held court in Holyrood last night  
—ten thousand stars  
By ancient tower and archway climbed and kissed  
the window bars ;  
The night wind knelt upon the hill, the crouching  
lion lay  
With shoulder to the Capital and blind eyes to  
the Bay.

The moon held court in Holyrood, and, as she  
entered in,  
On damask fringe and tapestry the spider ceased  
to spin ;  
The slow moon slipped across the floor and  
bowed a queenly head  
To greet the train that passed her by—a  
thousand sleepless dead !

She drifted down the storied halls and touched  
with spread white wings  
The gallery of the Hundred Dead, the Corridor  
of Kings ;  
She smiled upon a rebel prince and stretched  
white hands to shrive  
The gallant men, the peerless maids, that  
danced in 'Forty-five.

She crossed a sleeping chamber hung with  
trappings rich and rare,  
And kissed them softly one by one—it was a  
queen lay there !  
She heard the lute notes rise and fall, and  
watched the dagger sped,  
While underneath her trembling wings the  
brown stain turned to red !

W. H. OGILVIE.



*From Edinburgh, 1841*

HOLYROOD PALACE FROM THE PUBLIC GARDENS UNDER CALTON HILL, EDINBURGH.

Behind Holyrood Palace are Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags.



## SCOTLAND'S SHRINE

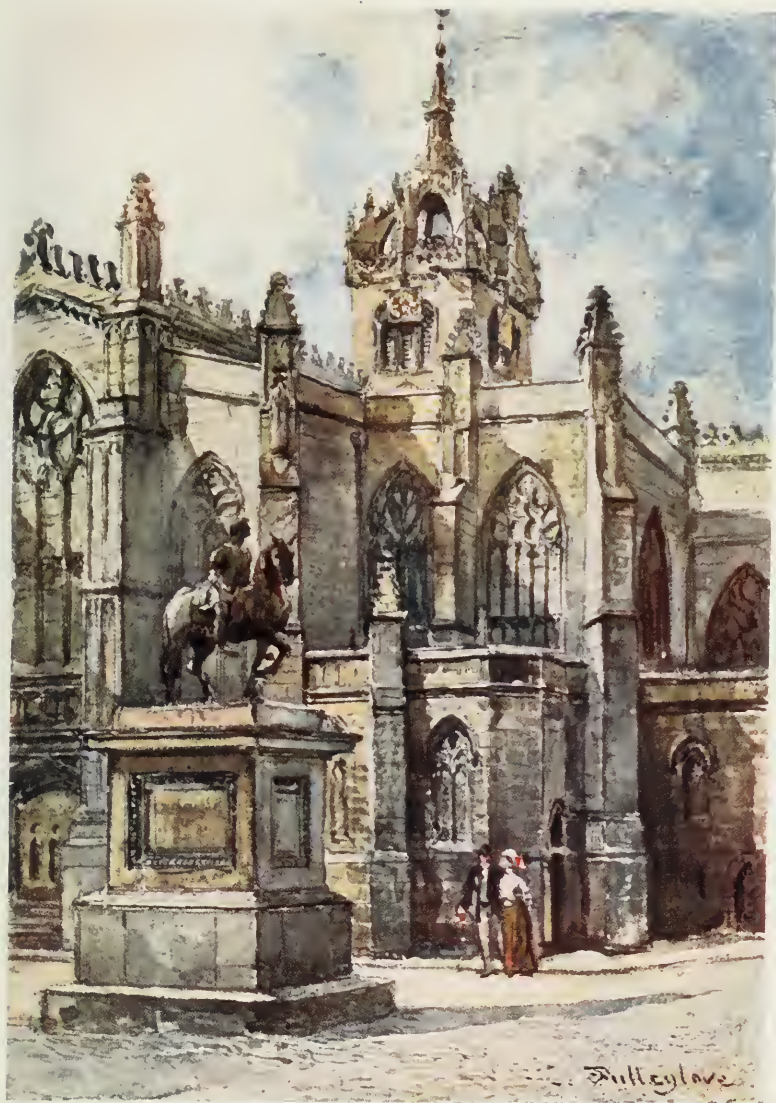
**I** LEAVE the busy crowded street  
To step within your silent aisles,  
Where the dead hearts of centuries beat  
Beneath your storied roof, St Giles !  
Where choir and chapel void and vast  
Are filled with spirits of the Past !

In golden shafts and rainbow spears  
The light falls soft on oak and stone,  
So filters through nine hundred years  
The glory that is Scotland's own ;  
For there your sombre walls include  
Our country's pride of nationhood !

The feet of heroes tread your pave  
While echo to their fame replies ;  
The voice of Knox still fills your nave ;  
Dead Stewart in your south aisle lies :  
Your roof and steeple once again  
Are rampart for Queen Mary's men !

The sounds of trampling feet intrude ;  
A slow procession winds in state  
Out of the grey-towered Holyrood  
And up the mourning Canongate.  
'Tis great Montrose they carry home  
To his long rest beneath your dome !

W. H. OGILVIE.



THE CHURCH OF ST GILES, EDINBURGH, WITH THE STATUE OF  
CHARLES II. IN THE FOREGROUND.

## JOHN KNOX

**I**N the history of Scotland I can find properly but one epoch: we may say it contains nothing of world interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. . . . It was not a smooth business; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price;—as life is. The people began to *live*: they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. . . . He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million "unblamable" Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life: if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it.

*Heroes and Hero Worship,*  
THOMAS CARLYLE.





*John Fullerton, R.A.*

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.

The west front of the house shows to the left of the square stone water-conduit.

## THE OLD TOWN

AND what a picturesque world remains untouched! You go under dark arches, and down dark stairs and alleys. The way is so narrow that you can lay a hand on either wall; so steep that, in greasy winter weather, the pavement is almost as treacherous as ice. Washing dangles above washing from the windows; the houses bulge outwards upon flimsy brackets; you see a bit of sculpture in a dark corner; at the top of all, a gable and a few crowsteps are printed on the sky. Here you come into a court where the children are at play and the grown-up people sit upon their doorsteps, and perhaps a church spire shows itself above the roofs. Here, in the narrowest of the entry, you find a great old mansion still erect, with some insignia of its former state—some scutcheon, some holy or courageous motto, on the lintel. The local antiquary points out where famous and well-born people had their lodgings; and as you look up, out pops the head of a slatternly woman from the countess's window.

*Edinburgh, Chapter II.,*  
R. L. STEVENSON.



LADY STAIR'S CLOSE, EDINBURGH.

On the extreme right, in the foreground, is the house of Eleanor, Dowager Countess of Stair.  
In Baxter's Close near here Robert Burns once lodged.

CORRA LINN

CLOSE TO WHICH IS WALLACE'S TOWER

**L**ORD of the vale ! astounding Flood  
The dumbest leaf in this thick wood  
Quakes—conscious of thy power ;  
The caves reply with hollow moan ;  
And vibrates, to its central stone,  
Yon time-cemented Tower

And yet how fair the rural scene !  
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been  
Beneficent as strong ;  
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep  
The little trembling flowers that peep  
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love  
To look on thee—delight to rove  
Where thy voice can hear ;  
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,  
Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid  
In dust, that voice is dear !

WORDSWORTH.





M. Y. Han.

THE FALLS OF CORRA LINN ON THE CLYDE.

## ROTHESAY BAY

**F**U' yellow lie the corn-rigs  
Far down the braid hillside ,  
It is the brawest harst field  
Along the shores o' Clyde,—  
And I'm a puir harst lassie  
Wha stands the lee lang day  
Amang the corn-rigs of Ardbeg  
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

It's a bonnie bay at morning,  
And bonnier at noon,  
But bonniest when the sun draps,  
And red comes up the moon :  
When the mist creeps o'er the Cumbrays,  
And Arran peaks are gray,  
And the great black hills, like sleepin' kings,  
Sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay.

Then a bit sigh stirs my bosom,  
And a wee tear blin's my e'e,  
And I think of that far countrie  
Whaur I wad like to be !  
But I rise content i' the morning  
To wark, while wark I may,  
I' the yellow harst field of Ardbeg  
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

MRS CRAIK.



T. F. Hunt

CRAIGMORE AND ROTHERAY BAY.

## IONA

*St Columba is said to have landed on Iona about 563 A.D. and laid the foundations of a monastery.*

**H**OMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's  
cell,  
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark  
Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark  
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell !

WORDSWORTH.

**T**HE bard who rose at herald's call  
Was wont to sing in Highland hall,  
Where the wild chieftain of M'Lean  
Upheld his dark Hebridian reign ;  
Where floated crane and clamorous gull  
Above the misty shores of Mull ;  
And evermore the billows rave  
Round many a saint and sovereign's grave.  
There, round Columba's ruins gray,  
The shades of monks are wont to stray,  
And slender forms of nuns, that weep  
In moonlight by the murmuring deep,  
O'er early loves and passions crost,  
And being's end for ever lost.

*The Queen's Wake,*  
JAMES HOGG.





William Smith.

IONA CATHEDRAL.

## STAFFA

MERRILY, merrily, goes the bark  
On a breeze from the northward free ;  
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,  
Or the swan through the summer sea.  
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,  
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round.  
Then all unknown its columns rose,  
Where dark and undisturb'd repose  
The cormorant had found,  
And the shy seal had quiet home,  
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,  
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd  
By skill of earthly architect,  
Nature itself, it seem'd, would raise  
A Minster to her Maker's praise !  
Not for a meaner use ascend  
Her columns, or her arches bend ;  
Nor of a theme less solemn tells  
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,  
And still, between each awful pause,  
From the high vault an answer draws,  
In varied tone prolong'd and high,  
That mocks the organ's melody.

*The Lord of the Isles, Canto iv.,*  
SCOTT.



William Smith.

STAFFA.

## SKYE

**S**TRANGER ! if e'er thine ardent step hath  
traced

The northern realms of ancient Caledon,  
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath  
placed,

By lake and cataract, her lonely throne ;  
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,  
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,  
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents  
thrown

Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,  
And with the sounding lake, and with the  
moaning sky.

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur  
wakes

An awful thrill that softens into sighs ;  
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's  
lakes,

In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise :  
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,  
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—

But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize  
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,  
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin  
roar.

*Lord of the Isles, Canto iv.,*  
SCOTT



William Smith.

LOCH CORUIK, SKYE.



## THE TROSSACHS

**B**UT, when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,  
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay  
Resounded up the rocky way,  
And faint, from farther distance borne,  
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn,

As Chief, who hears his warder call,  
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"—  
The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;  
Like crested leader proud and high,  
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,  
A moment listen'd to the cry,  
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;  
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,  
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,  
And, stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

*The Lady of the Lake,*  
SCOTT.



LOCH KATRINE, THE TROSSACHS.

*Simon Palmer.*

## HIELAN' HEATHER

**H**HEY for the Hielan' heather !  
Hey for the Hielan' heather !

Dear to me, an' aye shall be,  
The bonnie braes o' Hielan' heather !

The moss-muir black an' mountain blue,  
Whare mists at morn an' gloamin' gather ;  
The craigs an' cairns o' hoary hue,  
Whare blooms the bonnie Hielan' heather !  
Hey for the Hielan' heather !

Whare mony a wild bird wags its wing,  
Baith sweet o' sang an' fair o' feather ;  
While cavern'd cliffs wi' echo ring  
Amang the hills o' Hielan' heather !  
Hey for the Hielan' heather.

The broom an' whin, by loch an' lin,  
Are tipp'd wi' gowd in simmer weather ;  
How sweet an' fair ! but meikle mair  
The purple bells o' Hielan' heather !  
Hey for the Hielan' heather !

Whare'er I rest, whare'er I range,  
My fancy fondly travels thither ;  
Nae country charms, nae customs change  
My feelings frae the Hielan' heather !  
Hey for the Hielan' heather !

JOHN IMLAH.





*Sutton Palmer.*

THE GRAMPIANS FROM BOAT OF GARTEN, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

## THE SONG OF THE HIGHLAND RIVER

**S**LOWLY and smoothly my winding I make,  
Round the dark-wooded islets that stud the  
clear lake ;

The green hills sleep  
With their beauty in me,  
Their shadows the light clouds  
Fling as they flee,

While in my pure waters pictured I glass  
The light-plumed birches that nod as I pass.  
Slowly and silently on I wend,  
With many a bay and many a bend,  
Luminous seen like a silvery line,  
Shimmering bright in the fair sunshine,  
Till I come to the pass, where the steep red scaur  
Gleams like a watch-fire seen from afar,

Then out I ride,  
With a full-rolling pride,  
While my floods like the amber shine ;  
When the salmon rejoice  
To hear my voice,  
And the angler trims his line.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.



William Smith.

THE VALLEY OF THE DEE, NEAR MAR LODGE.

## LACHIN Y GARR

“SHADES of the dead! Have I not heard  
your voices  
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale? ”  
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland  
vale.

Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist  
gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car :  
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers ;  
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na  
Garr.

“ Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions  
foreboding

Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause? ”

Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden,

Victory crown'd not your fall with applause :

Still were you happy in death's early slumber,  
You rest with your clans in the caves of  
Braemar ;

The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,  
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na  
Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left  
you,

Years must elapse ere I tread you again :

Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,

Yet still you are dearer than Albion's plain.

England ! thy beauties are fame and domestic

To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar!

Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic !

The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na  
Garr !

BYRON.





*William Smith.*

DARK LOCHINAGAR, ABERDEENSHIRE.

## THE SILVER DEE

AMONG the giant, frowning hills  
That link our noble Grampian chain,  
She takes her birth and gathers rills  
From crystal springs and filtered rain,  
The silver Dee.

Through wild Braemar her waters glide,  
Past Invercauld they make their way ;  
Grim Lochnagar looks down with pride,  
Balmoral smiles a greeting gay  
To silver Dee.

Mile after mile she broader grows,  
For Gairn and Muick their tribute bring  
And rushing Feugh her melted snows  
Secretes beneath the warmer wing  
Of silver Dee.

To Ballater she comes amain,  
And soon Aboyne she passes by ;  
Though townships give her many a stain,  
She keeps a clear and sparkling eye,  
The silver Dee.

At last she tastes, by Allenvale,  
The brackish waters of the tide ;  
Her eyes grow dim, her spirits fail,  
And soon the ocean's breakers hide  
The silver Dee.

A. MACKIE,  
*Quoted in "The Scottish Field,"*  
*March 1906.*

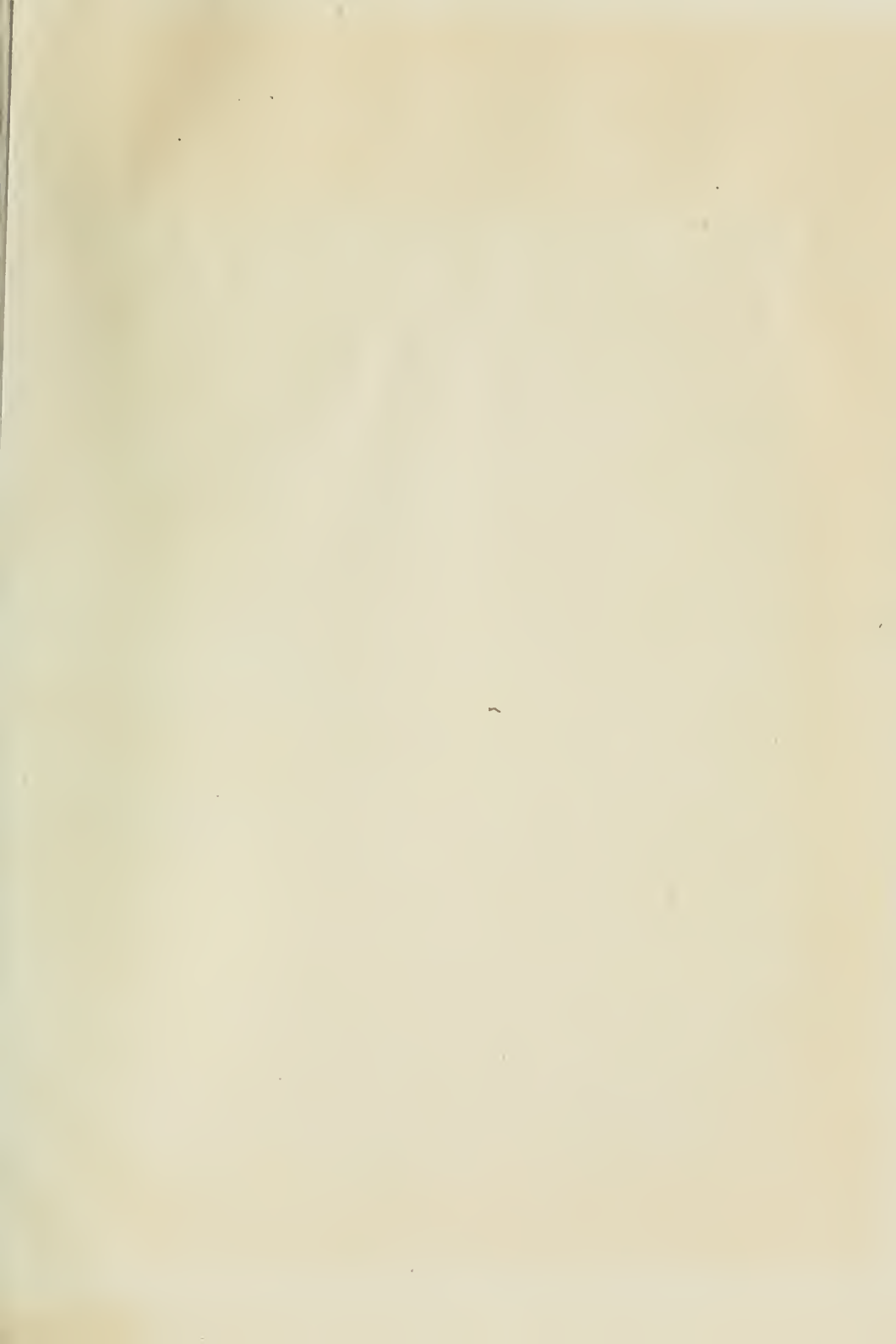


William Smith.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

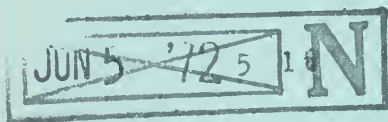
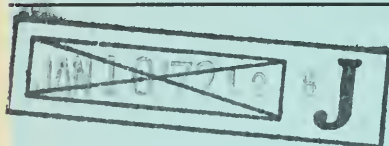




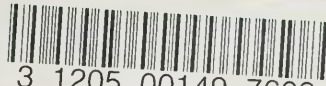


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